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MAYFAIR

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

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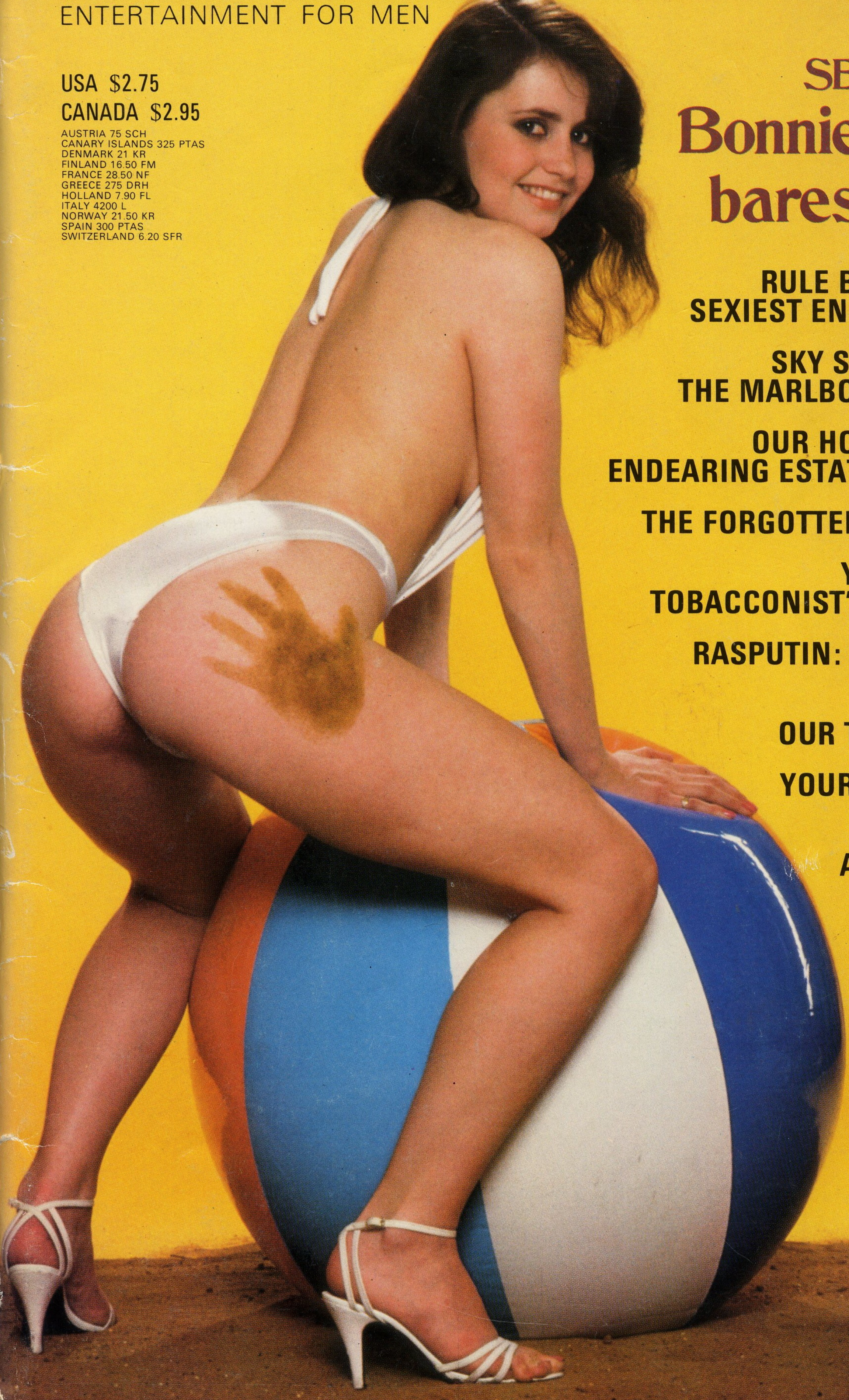

SEEING DOUBLE:
Bonnie Langford's barest look-alike

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RASPUTIN: SAINT OR SEX FIEND?

ONE SET TO LOVE: OUR TEASING TENNIS GIRL

YOUR LETTERS: THE GREAT CUSTARD PIE CRAZE

A COLLECTOR'S PIECE: KARINA FROM THE ANTIQUE SHOP

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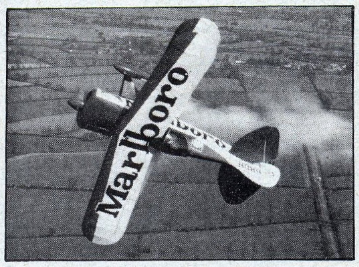

MAYFAIR

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ILLUSTRATION BY KEN BINDER

Sexual temptation was dangled in front of me and like a silly donkey I let myself be led on. But was there really any juicy prize. . . ?

Fiction by Richard Freeman

CARROTS FOR AN ASS

'If you want a good shag, see
Shirley in the sculpture class.
I had her in here one lunch-
time. She has a fetish about
doing it in men's toilets.
She will take it in any
position. She really knows
how to shag. Just tell her
that John told you about her.'

That was what it said. To the word. It had caught my eye as I glanced up from the paper after considering the wider political implications of the leftist stance of Felicity, who had once worked for a mini-cab firm, but now just drove men wild with her sultry, good looks. The message was written in a shaky hand, and circled in blue. An artistic touch amid the usual arid collection of graffiti. The wishful, the boastful and the envious, and the solitary trace of originality.

'Captain's Log. Star date 21/7.8.
Spock and I just beamed down for
a shit.'

I was taking my normal mid-morning break from the attentions of Supersweep, the manic caretaker who suffered from the delusion that I should spend some of my time cleaning the machine shop and polishing the bits and pieces in the motor bay. Two cubicles down, I could hear Roy's normal hacking cough. He was much the same as me. Idle. But he did have that little something extra. For someone who was 26, Roy gave the undeniable impression that he was about twelve months away from dying. I returned to the message on the wall. Rhubarb, I was thinking, except that even in the five weeks that I'd been a cleaner at the college, I'd already stumbled across several entangled couples.

Nothing depraved, you understand, but fairly lascivious stuff none the less, so I wouldn't have been totally surprised if there was a smattering of truth in John's colourful announcement.

It's amazing how eager the mind is to overlook the obvious improbabilities when the carrot of sexual opportunity is dangled before it. Looked at in the cold light of an unaroused day, it was highly unlikely that there was some wierd female leaping from loo to loo in a frenzy of rapid couplings. In whatever position. Because the size of the bogs imposed severe limitations on the more exotic varitions of coitus. Unless, of course, you were quite happy to have it away with your feet sticking out beneath the bog door. No, it had to be a load of nonsense.

But what if . . .

I was still concocting picturesque scenes of naked women hanging by their big toes from the bog chain as I pushed my broom along the alley between the welding bay and the canteen. The usual horny remarks floated from the steamy kitchens. Perhaps there was a woman in there who fancied it over a pot of boiling potatoes, or with her head in the oven, while crusty rolls rose all around her. It's hard to imagine the sexual preferences of fat women in rubber gloves and tightly unflattering overalls.

Whilst immersed in all this, some subconscious drive had directed me towards the sculpture room and I surfaced to find that I was sweeping the corridor directly outside it. Obviously none of the other cleaners had taken any notice of John's message, because the place was knee-deep in filth. I paused to light a fag, and the carrot dangled again. I ambled into the room, to generally quizzical looks. A cleaner must have been a rare sight to them.

Immediately inside the door was an intense-looking woman, with sagging buttocks and evasive tits, who was busily slapping clay onto a bigger heap of clay. It resembled a gorilla that had been hit by a hand-grenade. A mass of sketches pinned on a board in front of her told me that she was, in fact, in the early stages of creating a poignant piece depicting the triumph of a tree vaulting over a Ford Escort. Or that's what it looked like, anyway.

'That's nice.'

'It's coming on,' she replied, as she gave the heap a reassuring pat.

'I can see it taking shape.'

A few moments' silence while she wondered what the hell a scruffy cleaner knew about exploding gorillas.

'Shirley in today?'

'Over there,' she said, waving a spindly hand at no-one in particular. I moved in the general direction, wondering how I was going to raise the subject of shagging in men's toilets. It wasn't something with which I was all that familiar. There was the dynamic and obvious approach, on the lines of 'You game for another jump in the bog, then?', but somehow it lacked subtlety. Apart from that, anyone who heard it would think I was a pervert.

The girl I was now standing by was nineteen or so. A lovingly correct mixture of the slim and ample. She had small, but tantalising breasts, the nipples seemingly with a life of their own as they danced beneath the thin material of her T-shirt. She had a slender neck, which sloped up into a face dominated by the incredibly white pupils of her eyes, emphasised even more by the odd straggling curls which fell from her fetchingly unkempt mass of thick, black hair. But the thing which attracted me most was her arse, though that's not the word. It was so much better than an arse. The buttocks were full and luscious, so that her cheeks sculpted creases into her jeans which just begged for a hand to be placed upon them and moved slowly, pleasurably, over the generous arcs of her hips. She was, not the sort you imagine lusting after the smell of toilet rolls.

'That's nice,' and I nodded knowingly at the one-legged plaster dwarf on her pedestal.

'Is it?'

'Oh, yes. It's really coming along, Shirley.'

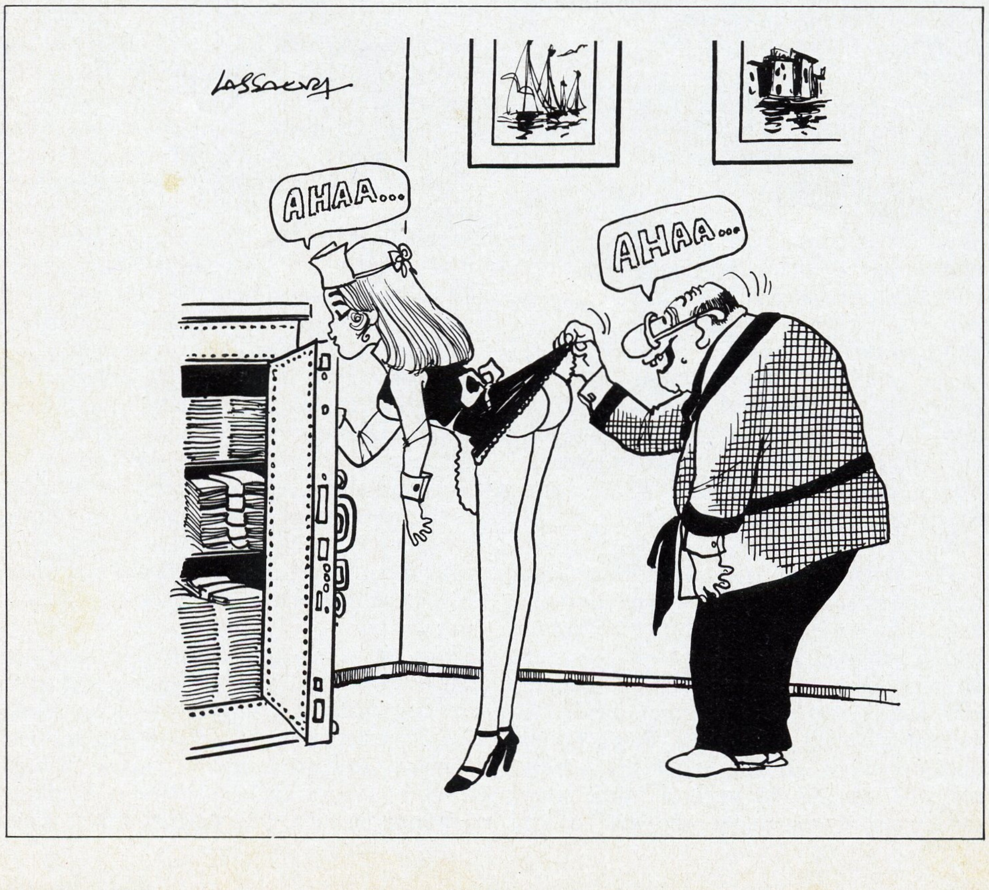
'My name's Carol.'

'Pardon?'

'That's Shirley.'

She pointed at a female two sculptures along. I edged towards her, grinning inanely at Carol. By now, everyone was eyeing me with a mixture of suspicion and pity.

This one was more like it. Not exactly heavy, more the sort you hope isn't going to be the one you have to argue with when you take your dry-cleaning back. She had large, pendulous boobs that looked as if they were designed to test the ingenuity of bra manufacturers, and an arse that began somewhere near her shoulder blades and ended near her knees. Her face was sort of refined Gothic, with a hint of relief in a pleasantly moistened mouth. Still, as I've said, the carrot of sex makes you ignore these things.



She slapped a handful of sodden clay onto the reclining whale she was making, and the whole thing shuddered violently.

'John said to look you up,' I tried.

'John who?'

Dumb silence while another mountain of clay landed.

'Pardon?'

'Which John?'

'Well . . .' John who had you in the bog? John who says you really know how to shag? 'You know . . . John . . . the John.'

She stared at me for five malicious seconds before replying.

'Piss off.'

I retreated from the room. To stares and grins. What the hell, I told myself. It was bloody unhygenic, anyway.

By the afternoon, ideas of closet coitus had almost slipped from my mind. I was down to wasting a few minutes removing the swarf from one of the machines. Roy's cough echoed from the storeroom behind me. Everything was back to normal. I even decided to sweep out the technical assistant's office, a peaceful haven of inactivity.

I opened the door.

It was one of those fleeting moments that seem to last for much, much longer. Until you've taken in all there is to see. Shirley, lying on the desk, naked, her legs hanging over the far end, and between them, Roy, his member coughing into the sculptress, his fingers pressing small white semi-circles into her flatulent thighs. Her large breasts were flattened and spread into her arms, her stomach quivering slightly above the dense acres of her pubic hair. They shared the same gaping expression.

'Jesus Christ, what the –'

'Sorry, Roy.'

I closed the door.

I didn't see Roy again until the end of the day. I prepared myself for a few minutes violent abuse, but instead he just grinned. Like a retarded country yokel, but with a tinge of smug satisfaction.

'What can I say, Roy?'

'Nothing, sunshine, nothing.'

He continued to grin.

'Everything's all right, is it?'

'Oh yes.'

'She didn't . . . you know?'

The grin widened.

'As a matter of fact, sunshine,' he said, pausing only for a brief coughing fit, 'as a matter of fact . . . she loved it.'

'Pardon?'

'Well, it really . . . it made her absolutely rampant. She liked being seen. She likes having it away in places where she might be caught. It's the excitement, she says. The danger of being found out.'

I studied Roy's expression. It's very difficult to tell if someone is pulling your leg when they look like a poorly made ventriloquist's dummy.

'That explains the thing with the bogs, doesn't it?'

'The what?'

'The thing with . . .'

'Oh. Yes.' Roy chortled for a few seconds. 'Apparently, she'll do it anywhere there's a

turn to page 35

Carrots for an ass

continued from page 18

chance of someone getting a free look. Absolutely anywhere.'

How come, I was thinking, that if she was so deadly she had just told me to piss off.

Roy went on his way, giggling like a schoolgirl, and I returned to the caretaker's hut to console myself with a lustful gaze at Miss Grinding Wheel for July, a large girl with an eccentric interest in welding equipment. It seemed it was always the same. Prats like Roy ended up with live crumpet, and I ended up with a fading picture of a female in welding goggles.

I decided, there and then, that the next day I would scrub all the scrofulous messages from the bog walls, just in case I was ever stupid enough to take any notice of them again.

So, the following morning, after the first gut-wrenching cup of tea, I took a bucket of smelly suds and a scrubbing brush, and headed for the toilets. A cough greeted me from one of the cubicles as I entered.

'Morning, Roy.'

'Is that you, sunshine? Hold on a minute.'

Roy appeared from his retreat, grinning.

'Who's a lucky boy, then?'

I didn't have an answer.

'Well, sunshine,' Roy giggled, and he lit the soggy roll-up that adhered to his bottom lip, 'all I can say is that women are funny. Definitely funny.'

'Hilarious.'

'But some are funnier than others. Like Shirley. Now, she is strange. She reckons that as you found her, in the throes so to speak, you are due a similar treat.'

'Very good, Roy.' Ho-ho-ho. I started to wipe down the wall.

'No, straight up. She wants to lay you. I know it's nutty, but that's the way she is. She wants to shag you rotten.'

'I'm not keen on giving exhibitions.'

'You don't have to. The possibility is enough for Shirley. Just the possibility.'

'And where does she fancy it this time? Hanging from the hands of the clock?'

'No. The inspection pit in the motor bay.'

'The inspection pit?'

'Twelve o'clock.'

And with that Roy left, whistling.

I stood there for five or six minutes, just thinking about it. I could see it all. Bouncing up and down in two feet of sump oil, my dipstick sliding in and out of her measure. It was ludicrous. But as the morning wore on, I knew that come twelve o'clock I would be in the motor bay, waiting for Shirley to appear. It was that dangling carrot again.

And sure enough, by ten to twelve this pathetic figure could be seen skulking in the corner of the motor bay. The students had disappeared for lunch, leaving a rusting estate car positioned over the inspection pit. I was chain-smoking and telling myself I was a prune. I'd just got round to addressing myself as a real pillock when she arrived.

'I wasn't sure you'd come,' she said, leaning against the back of the estate car, her breasts moulded across her like a set of bumpers.

'Nor was I.'

What a dumb conversation, I was thinking.

'Why don't we use the car?' I suggested, but she shook her head and started down the steps into the inspection pit. I followed right behind her.

The pit was dank and full of garage smells, and at the far end was a heap of tyres covered with a pile of sacking. An assortment of tools were scattered across the floor. At that moment, I wasn't worried about getting caught. I was worried about getting a torque wrench up my arse.

I stood there, like a chicken waiting to be plucked. She removed my jacket, then began to unbutton my shirt. Podgy fingers slipped inside and pressed into my ribs. The shirt came off, and then her busy hands descended to my trousers. The zip moved down in stacatto steps, and my trousers were pushed down, her fingernails cutting into my thighs on the way past. Her bulk wasn't misleading. Her touch was less than light. On a bad day, she could well have been lethal. She looked at me for a few seconds, smiling, and then her thumbs flicked inside my pants. They brushed past my member, which bounced into upright view. Her hand closed around it, pulling and squeezing it hard, hurting me.

Jesus, I was thinking, I could have passed this up. A more cynical chap than me would have dismissed the whole thing as idle nonsense. She took my balls in her hand, then moved away, her fingers tracing slowly over my quivering tool. As she pushed me back onto the tyres, I closed my eyes and thanked whoever it was who was looking after me.

The roar of the engine stopped all that. Suddenly, in a thunder of crashed gears, the estate car lurched away from the pit. In its place was a row of people, all yelling and whistling and clapping and laughing. Cleaners, caretakers, technical assistants and students. And there, in the middle, was Roy. There was a flash, followed by the whirr of a Polaroid, and as I struggled back into my clothes, the crowd gathered round the coughing freak for a fresh outbreak of laughter. Roy knelt down at the edge of the pit, holding the photograph at arm's length for my inspection.

'Perhaps now you'll knock before you enter, sunshine.'

They left me still looking for my jacket, and wondering what to do. Not that there was a lot I could do. Such a succulent piece of documented gossip would go around the college like a fire. It would be winks and grins and knowing glances, wnd all just out of range of a fist. But I knew as well that by tomorrow it wouldn't be so bad. And before long, it would become just another of the college legends. By the time I was ready to go home I was even beginning to see the funny side of it, like it would have been funny if Roy had fallen into the inspection pit and broken his neck.

I was changing my shoes when I heard the door close behind me. I didn't bother looking round. Another grinning face wasn't what I wanted. As I bent to tie my shoe-lace, a photograph appeared before my eyes. Of an erection, under inspection.

'It's a nice photo.'

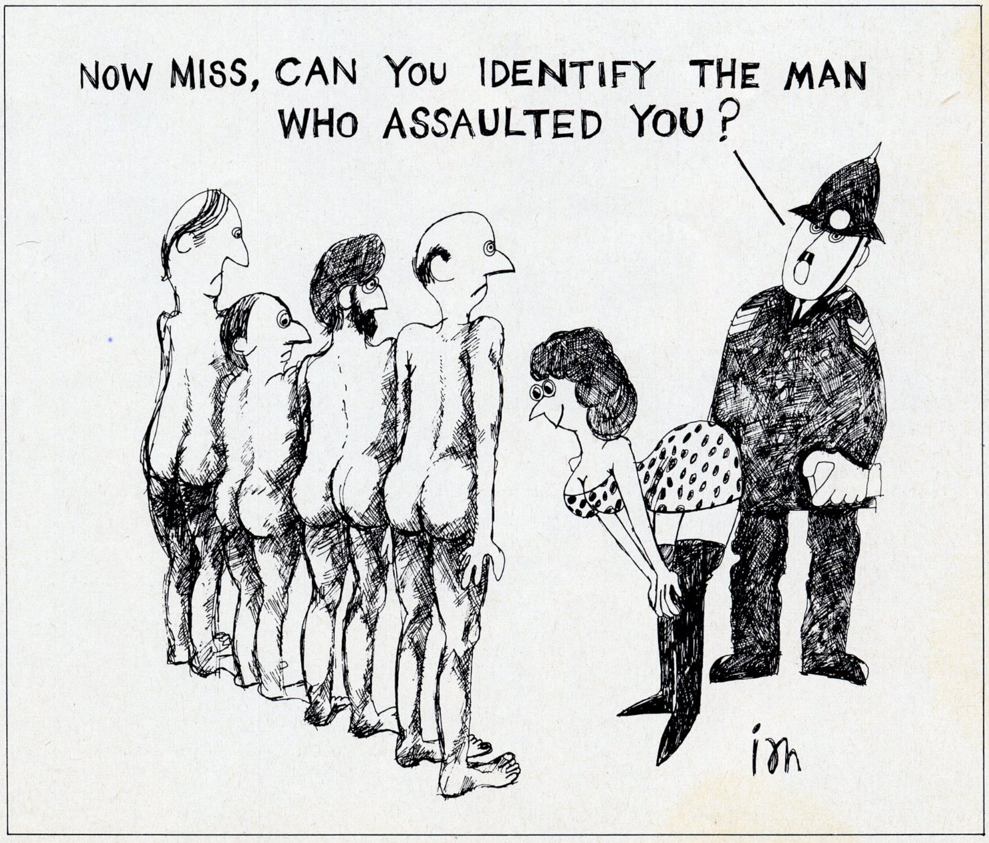
I turned around slowly. A smile greeted me.

'It really is,' said Carol.

She stepped across to the door and snapped the dead-lock down. Her hands slid to the hem of her T-shirt, and she pulled it over her head. She unzipped her jeans, and began to push them to the floor.

It was growing dark outside. I could see no-one. I listened hard for the sound of a cough. But there was nothing. Just silence.

All silent,
And a
Lovely
Juicy
Carrot.


NOW MISS, CAN YOU IDENTIFY THE MAN WHO ASSAULTED YOU?
irn

Janet

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
MICHAEL ANCHER

To look at girl-next-door Janet Johnson as she tans her 36-24-35 figure to a beautiful golden brown on a Mediterranean holiday, you'd never guess that the week before she sold two mansions back home in Surrey. 'No, I'm not a millionaire's daughter,' she explained, 'I'm a negotiator for a local estate agent, and unfortunately I was just handling the sales for the owners.' Her work involves dealing wih large sums of money and handling complicated negotiations with solicitors and building societies, so our sexy 23-year-old has to keep her wits about her and be very efficient.

Janet enjoys the challenge of negotiating deals, but her favourite part of her job is when she takes potential buyers out to see properties. 'I love meeting so many different people, and that's how I got to know my last boyfriend. I took him out to view a house and I must admit I was a little bold because I did fancy him. It took me two hours to show him round the garden because we were unavoidably delayed down in the summer-house.'

To relax after a hard day in the office, Janet will usually take her horse, Flicker, for a long gallop in the local fields. 'We always had horses when I was living at home, and a hard ride with a fence or two to jump is the best way I know to unwind. I sometimes ride with a local hunt.'

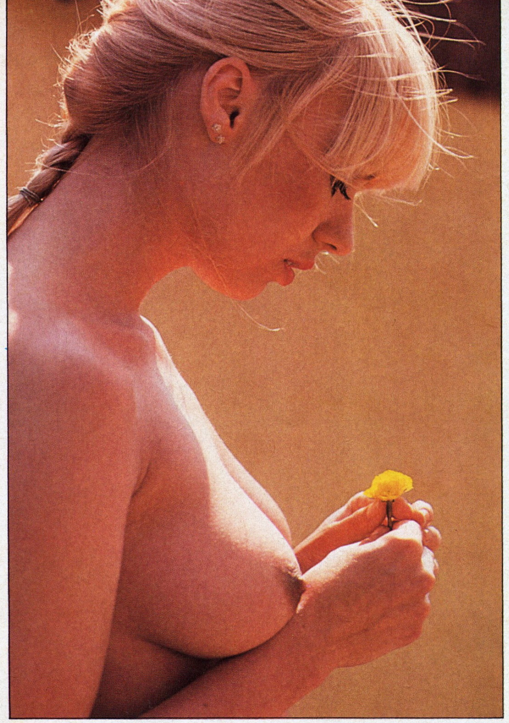
The more reflective side to her nature is shown by her love for classical music. 'I have a huge stereo which is always belting out Mozart. He is my favourite composer. But I enjoy pop as well, and once a week I drive to Guildford to meet friends at one of the town's discos.'

Emma

PHOTOGRAPHED BY SIWER OHLSSON

It isn't easy tracking down Emma Faulkner, our 19-year-old dolly from Dorset. Off the main Dorchester road, just outside the town that Thomas Hardy made so famous, are a network of tiny roads that lead to an assortment of farms and villages. It is down one of these twisting, leafy lanes that you will find the smallholding belonging to Emma's father. There surrounded by squawking chickens and a small flock of sheep, 35-22-35 Emma does her fair share of farming work as well as ambling along the footpaths and bridle ways amid the surrounding hills.

Emma is now quite adept at most of the farming arts. ‘I remember the first time I milked a cow. It was ever such an odd feeling. The udders are surprisingly warm and soft. I won’t tell you what they reminded me of,’ she smiled, ‘but my boyfriend at the time was most appreciative’. But Emma has no desire to become a hard-handed farm labourer. ‘I don’t think the boys would like that,’ she chuckled. Nor would we.



Stephanie

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN ALLUM

A chance decision to answer an ad in her local Bristol paper turned sexy Stephanie Wiggins into a champion encyclopaedia saleswoman. 'At the time I was manageress of a sports shop owned by my father, but I wanted to see the world. So I answered an ad asking are you young, ambitious and so on, and ended up selling the encyclopaedias to English forces in Germany.'

Stephanie, 22, did so well that she was put in charge of four other sellers and won a holiday in Bermuda. Returning to England she moved to Leeds and tried modelling. Surprisingly, Stephanie didn't think her 34-23-35 figure was good enough for *Mayfair*. 'I feel really proud to be in the centre because my father used to buy *Mayfair* and I have always wanted to be in the magazine myself.'

It is hard to imagine Stephanie ever losing her cool, but she laughs at one incident which really made her blush. 'I was going out on a date and spent hours getting ready in my skin-tight black trousers and gold shoes with stiletto heels. I waited at the bus stop but when I tried to get on board the trousers were so tight they split from the knee to the crotch. I was so embarrassed I grabbed the nearest seat and wondered what I was going to do. I got off at the next stop and hobbled home with my bag between my legs as I was only wearing brief knickers underneath. That put me off being trendy.' Perhaps that incident will come in useful if she realises her ambition to be a comedy actress. In her spare time she enjoys horseriding and rollercoasters at funfairs.

MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH / STEPHANIE WIGGINS

Angela

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JEAN ROUGERON

If you happened to be searching for the perfect example of an English rose in summer, then you need look no further than Angela Seymour. The delicate beauty of this 19-year-old is the ideal compliment to the prim gardens of Surrey where she lives. 34-22-34 Angela works for her own town council in their Parks department. 'Everyone always thinks that I mow the putting greens or prune the roses', she laughed, 'but actually I work as a secretary in Administration, surrounded by chits, forms and statistics. And not exactly vital ones either'.

One statistic that Angela does find useful is the number of tennis courts in her area. 'There are dozens, and I think I have used every one of them. I'm mad about the game. You could say that I just play to keep fit but it isn't true. I'm a real competitor — I hate losing. Fortunately I very rarely do, I'm the Chrissie Lloyd of Surrey!'

'I'm a real sun-lover,' Angela admitted, 'if I'm not out playing tennis I'm doing something outdoors. Everything is better in the open air. Sadly the British climate doesn't always help. Last year, for example, I went to Brighton to try out the nude beach. It was so chilly that I was the only one who stripped. Mind you', she added, 'I was also the only girl in the office with the flu in July!'

Karina

PHOTOGRAPHED BY VICTOR BRUUN

Lying in the back streets of the small town of Kenilworth is a tiny china shop. Its owner is 22-year-old Karina Wells a 34-22-33 stunning blonde who has happily turned down the chance to be a famous model to serve behind her counter. 'I'm prepared to do this one set' she says, 'just for the fun of it.'

Much as she enjoys modelling work, Karina says that she would never give up her shop with its antique ornaments. 'Few of my boyfriends have understood why, but I could never part with my figurines and Toby jugs,' she smiled. So much so that her house is nearly as full as her shop with china and porcelain, all carefully dusted and well looked after by Karina herself. All except one corner which is devoted to her other hobby, her tropical fish tank. Currently it is filled with angel fish and guppies but it once had a more intimidating resident. 'It was a red-bellied pirhana given to me by an old boyfriend of mine. I called it Mae West – afterall it was a man-eater,' she laughed. 'I used to give it pieces of steak to eat. It lived better than I did.'

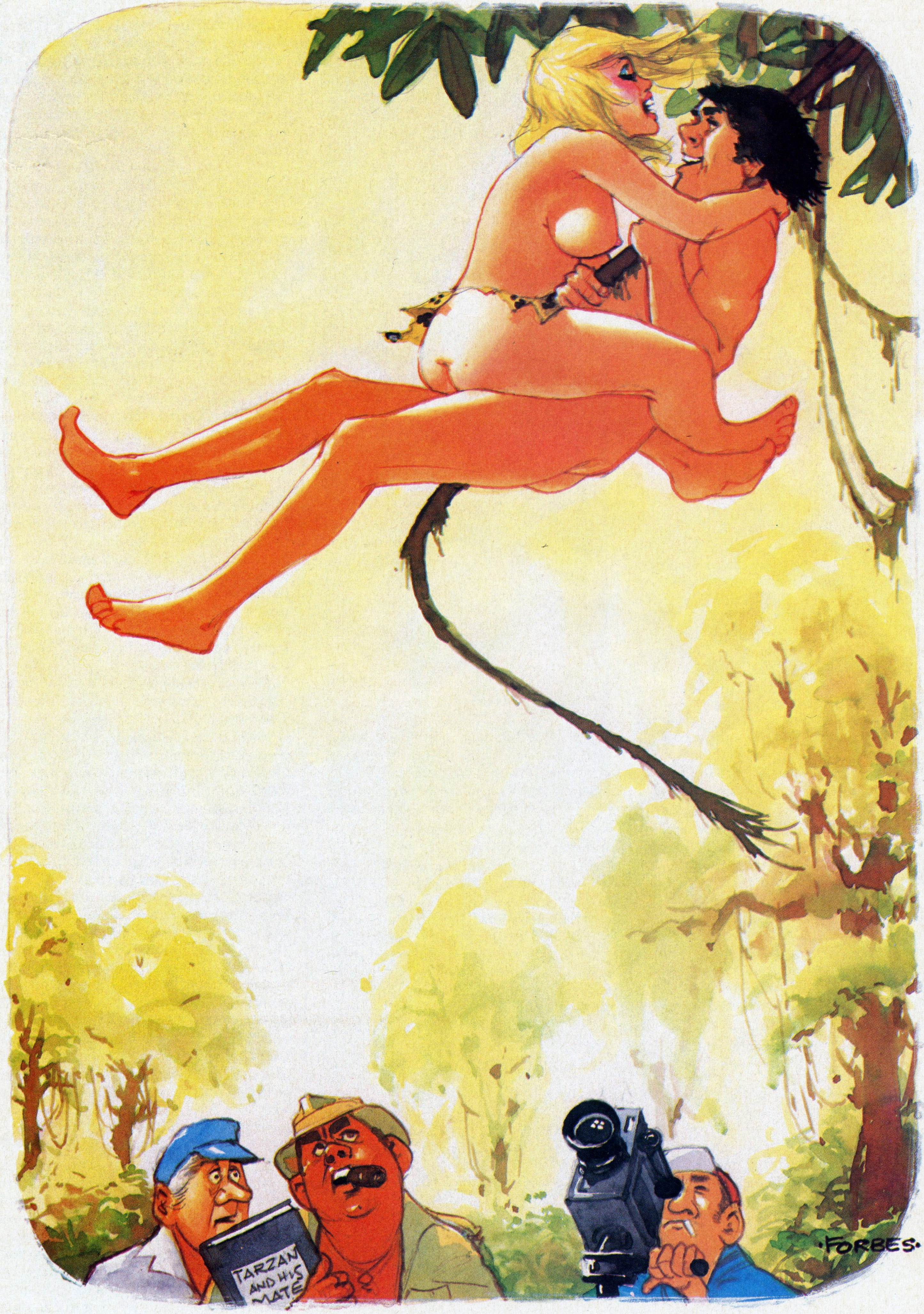
Karina even put the pirhana in the shop to attract attention, but had to move it. 'It was awful,' she said, 'everytime some quiet little old lady would come in, they would go over to the tank to talk to it. I have had to stop quite a few from dangling their fingers in the water to encourage him.'

Karina doesn't consider herself to be a man-eater though. She prefers just the one man around the place to look after her. 'Not that there is one at the moment,' she sighed, 'just little old me and the shop. But after this set for *Mayfair*, who knows all that might change.'

Nikki

Nineteen-year-old Nikki Taylor gets through an average of 900 cigarettes a day, not to mention 250g of pipe tobacco. But there's no need for concern, because 34-22-34 Nikki often works behind the counter of her father's tobacconist shop in South London. Nikki left school after gaining four 'O'-levels, but has not found regular employment.

Whenever Nikki has a spare evening, there are few things that she enjoys better than lying on back and gazing skyward. 'Now, before you start thinking anything naughty,' says Nikki, 'I'd better explain that Dad bought me a telescope a couple of years back. I'm no Patrick Moore, but I do enjoy studying the stars. It's so fascinating thinking that we're seeing things as they were millions of years ago.' As for others, Nikki often makes the trek to Purley's *Top Rank Club*, or goes to ice hockey where she follows the Streatham Redskins.


TARZAN AND HIS MATE
·FORBES·

'If King Kong could give the girl a nude shower, what's wrong with Tarzan and Jane having a playful swing through the trees?'

LETTERS

continued from page 11

seem to have been a letter about it for two or three years when I remember four or five.

My wife and I wasted nearly two years of marriage before we dared confide in each other what our favourite fantasies were. Hers was about being found in the house by a sort of Raffles-type burglar who made love to her. Mine concerned rescuing a damsel in distress so helplessly tied up that I could have her before setting her free.

Until then we had enjoyed making love to one another but this brought a new dimension to our sex play because, as you can imagine, it is not difficult to combine the two fantasies. So now sometimes when I get back from the office, I will not say anything to her but twist her hands behind her back and tie her wrists together with an old pyjama cord. Then I will push her upstairs into our bedroom, throw her on to the bed and tie her feet wide apart to the bottom corners. I keep a lot of soft rope and straps upstairs for this purpose. Then I start to take her clothes off. Blouses, jerseys, slips and bras can be undone and slipped over her head but her skirt has to be pulled up to her waist. Occasionally I blindfold her which she loves as it helps her imagination and adds to the excitement as she cannot see exactly what is happening.

Then usually I start by caressing her breasts or the skin on the inside of the top of her thighs. Lying on your back with your hands tied behind you is not very comfortable so I untie her hands and then stretch them out as near to the top corners of the bed as possible. Sometimes she playfully fights me at this point but tied as she is I can always win through. Anyway we both enjoy the tustle and sometimes I use the opportunity to take all the clothes from the top half of her body. Spreadeagled, she is now in the perfect position to tickle under her arms and I love watching her writhe and wriggle in her attempts to escape from me.

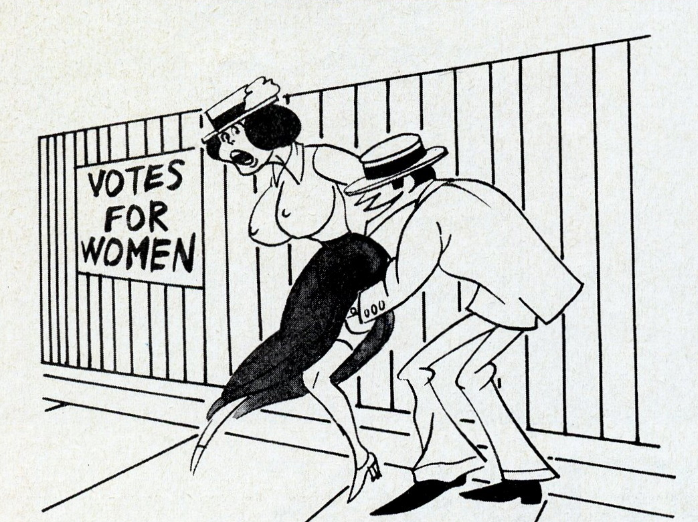
After all this foreplay, it is easy to just slide into her and give it to her as forcefully as she likes. With powerful lunges I can often make her climax two or three times before we finish.

I then quickly untie her bonds and she hugs me lovingly, her head on my shoulders and her arms around me. We kiss languidly and talk a little before we sit down to enjoy our supper. For me it is the perfect way to relax after a day at work. I do hope others will write in and describe their bondage experiences.

DB, Bath

Some months ago I wrote to you regarding a piece of graffiti I spotted in a railway station miles from anywhere in the depths of Dorset which said simply, 'Where's the cock fun around here?' At the time, as I mentioned it was the sole piece of graffiti on the entire station. However, on a recent visit to the same cubicle I discovered a new piece immediately below the example I have just quoted. In less legible handwriting was the long awaited reply to the man's question. It read, 'We don't want any fucking queers around here!'

Keith Sasin, Cheltenham



'Well, if you ladies will go chaining yourselves to the railings...'

Every month I buy *Mayfair* and one of my favourite parts of it is, without doubt, the readers' letters pages. I love reading about their unusual experiences.

Let me assure you that the following is true, and since I see *Mayfair* hasn't printed many letters about pubs and barmaids recently I thought I would drop you a line.

The pub at which I am a regular is a small rather unkempt one where the accent is very firmly on beer and darts rather than white wine and paté. And for years, its barstaff have reflected this. George (name changed) served in the public bar and told dirty jokes (often *Mayfair* ones) and his wife, Doreen (name changed) was about 50 – and that was just around the waist. One day however, all that changed with the arrival of a new girl.

Her name was Alison (name changed) and she was tall and brunette with the sort of figure you could admire from half a mile away. To put it more crudely, she had the best knockers I've seen on a bird in our area. To make matters worse, or rather better, she wasn't averse to showing them off. Most of the time she wore very tight-fitting cotton teeshirts with a neck that went nearly to her waist. When she leant over to pull a pint, you could sense yourself falling in there and drowning. Even the elderly regulars used to look up.

Alison totally affected my drinking habits. For a start I used to go there every night, and take up a position on a stool by the bar. Secondly, I took to eating peanuts and crisps. Why? Because they were kept under the counter and she had to bend down to get them. I was determined to get off with her, but all my patter seemed to fail. I'd even invested in some very expensive aftershave which I put on by the pint but it made no difference. But last week my luck changed.

I was sitting in my usual position on about my fifth pack of dry-roasted and beckoned her over, ostensively to order a drink. She looked magnificent that night. She was wearing a black teeshirt that hid practically nothing and a pair of those spray-on silver trousers that dancers wear. Everytime she bent down I just wanted to reach out and offer to hold something.

I was determined that this would be the night but the pub had been busy and every time I tried to get the conversation off the ground it was spoiled by some old codger wanting a half of mild. Then at about quarter past ten she came over and started talking to me.

At first, I was so busy watching her bright red lips moving that I didn't hear what she said, so she smiled and repeated it. To my pleasure she was asking about my well-being which seemed a good excuse to say that I was a bit lonely and needed looking after. She smiled again and got me another pint. She must have spotted how much I fancied her because as she bent down she tugged her teeshirt still lower until her boobs and my eyes nearly popped out. Handing me my pint she whispered, 'Well, we'll have to see about that.'

The last remark had me so turned on, I found it difficult to balance on the stool. It was nearly closing time and people were demanding last orders so I hardly saw her again. I was about to go, thinking it was just an idle promise, when she stopped me and told me to wait for her outside. It was raining but I wouldn't have cared if they had forecast thunderbolts.

At 11 o'clock she emerged wearing a bright blue PVC mac over her outfit. I'm not into plastic at all but stretched across her 38-inch boobs, it looked marvellous. She said thank you for waiting (she was thanking *me*!) and then invited me to her flat for a coffee. I agreed like a shot and putting my arm around her shoulder we set off.

Her flat wasn't far away and soon we were indoors in the warm. I took off her wet coat and hung it up, letting my hands stray a bit. After I had done so, to my surprise, she motioned for me to take a seat next to her. Fixing me with a piercing glare she said, 'You fancy me, right?' I was so amazed I stammered a reply that was totally incoherent.

'Well,' she continued, 'I'm moving out of the area at the end of the week. If you don't mind a one-night stand, why don't you stay?' I couldn't believe my luck, and soon after

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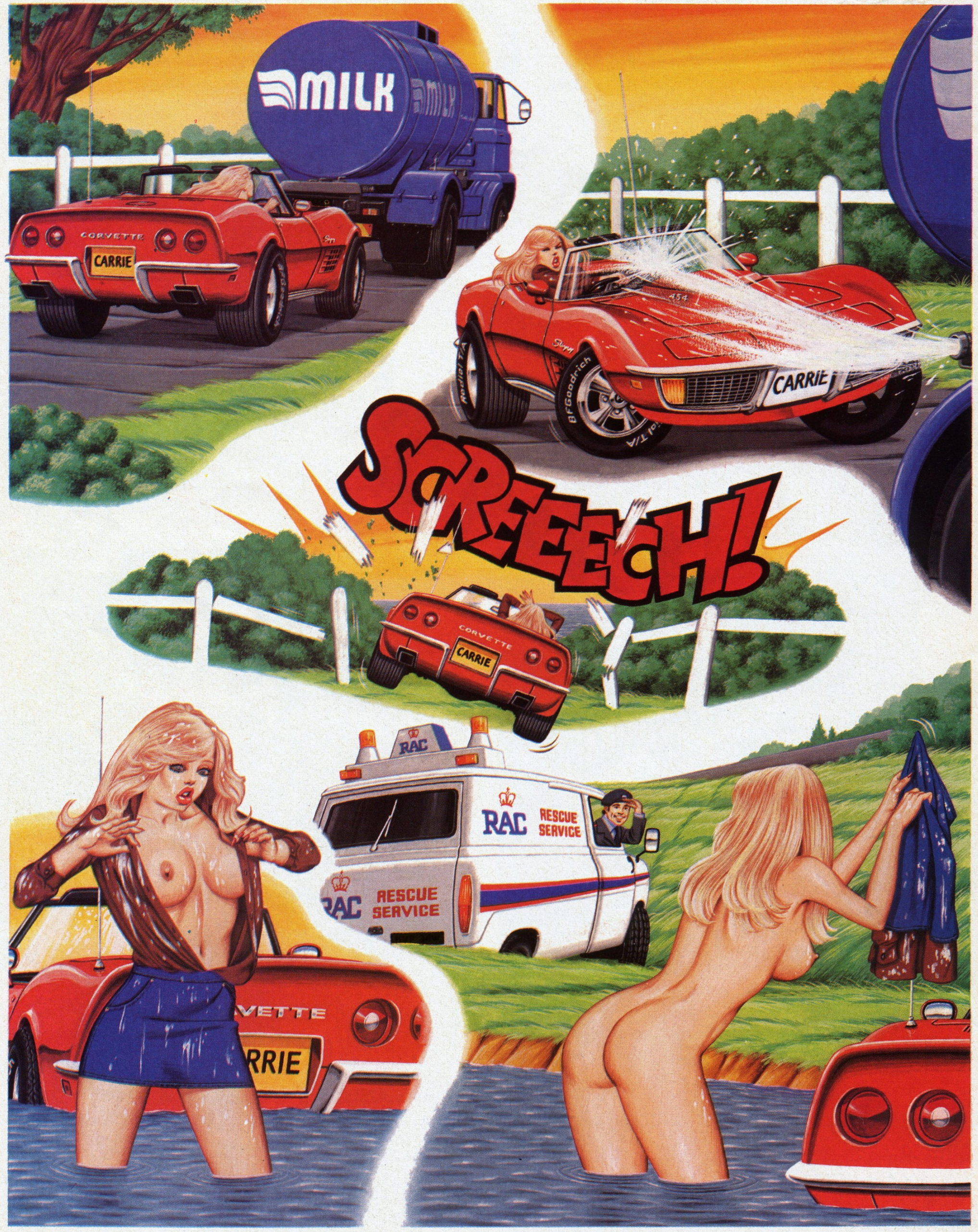
CARRIE

The rescue turns sour after Carrie has a nasty milk shake



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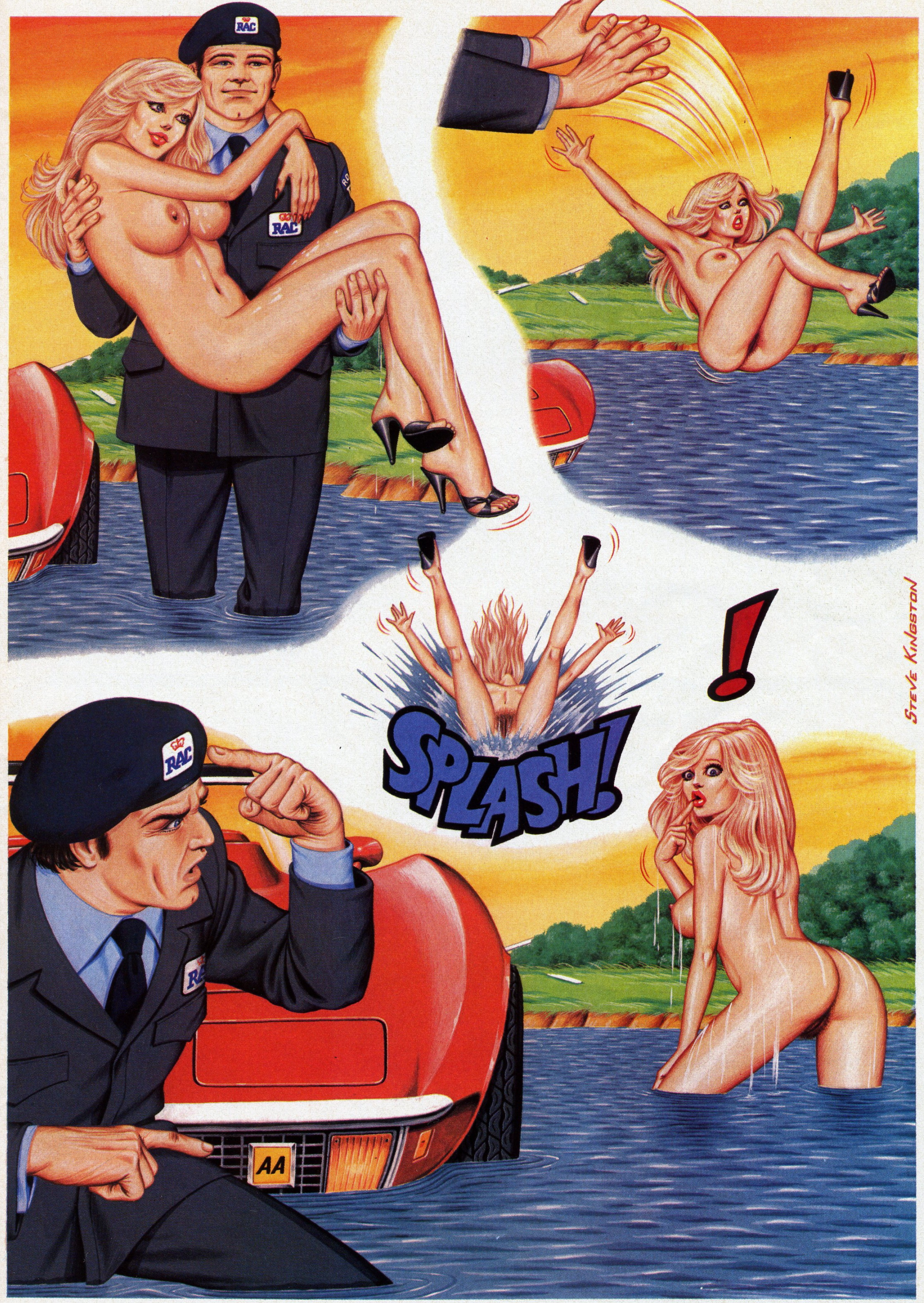

RAC
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SPLASH!
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STEVE KINGSTON
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AA